on, but commonly take away that eaſy freedom, and familiarity of intercourſe, without which, though there may be fidelity, and zeal, and admiration, there cannot be friendſhip. Thus imperfect are all earthly bleſſings; the great effect of friendſhip is beneficence, yet by the firſt act of uncommon kindneſs it is endangered, like plants that bear their fruit and die. Yet this conſideration ought not to reſtrain bounty, or repreſs compaſſion; for duty is to be preferred before convenience, and he that loſes part of the pleaſures of friendſhip by his generoſity, gains in its place the gratulation of his conſcience.

NUMB. 65. TUESDAY, *October* 30, 1750.

————Garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas.———— HOR.

OBIDA, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and perſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward

over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring: all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from his heart.

Thus he went on till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw, on his right hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtibly pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and was pleaſed that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence without ſuffering its fatigues.

tigues. He, therefore, ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſick of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhade; and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt the green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah pauſed for a time, and began to conſider whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road.

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This uneaſineſs of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every ſenſation that might ſooth or divert him. He liſtened

to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was over-spread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly, he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which

he

he had paſſed, and try to find ſome iſſue where the wood might open into the plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the lord of nature. He roſe with confidence and tranquillity, and preſſed on with his ſabre in his hand, for the beaſts of the deſart were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage, and expiration; all the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills,

——χείμαῤῥοι ποταμοὶ κατ' ὄρεσφι ῥέοντες
Ες μισγάγκειαν συμβάλλετον ὄβριμον ὕδωρ,
Τῶνδε τε τηλόσε δοῦπον ἐν οὔρεσιν ἔκλυε ποιμήν.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whteher he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew ſhort, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door,

and

and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over, " Tell me, " ſaid the hermit, by what chance thou haſt " been brought hither; I have been now " twenty years an inhabitant of the wilder- " neſs, in which I never ſaw a man before". Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

" Son, ſaid the hermit, let the errors and " follies, the dangers and eſcape of this day, " ſink deep into thy heart. Remember, my " ſon, that human life is the journey of a " day. We riſe in the morning of youth, " full of vigour and full of expectation; we " ſet forward with ſpirit and hope, with gaie- " ty and with diligence, and travel on a " while in the ſtreight road of piety towards " the manſions of reſt. In a ſhort time we " remit our fervor, and endeavour to find " ſome mitigation of our duty, and ſome more " eaſy means of obtaining the ſame end.

" We

" We then relax our vigour, and reſolve no " longer to be terrified with crimes at a di- " ſtance, but rely upon our own conſtancy, " and venture to approach what we reſolve " never to touch. We thus enter the bow- " ers of eaſe, and repoſe in the ſhades of ſe- " curity. Here the heart ſoftens, and vigi- " lance ſubſides; we are then willing to en- " quire whether another advance cannot be " made, and whether we may not, at leaſt, " turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleaſure. " We approach them with ſcruple and heſi- " tation; we enter them, but enter timorous " and trembling, and always hope to paſs " through them without loſing the road of " virtue, which we, for a while, keep in " our ſight, and to which we purpoſe to re- " turn. But temptation ſucceeds temptation, " and one compliance prepares us for ano- " ther; we in time loſe the happineſs of in- " nocence, and ſolace our diſquiet with ſen- " ſual gratifications. By degrees we let fall " the remembrance of our original intention, " and quit the only adequate object of ratio- " nal deſire. We entangle ourſelves in buſi- " neſs, immerge ourſelves in luxury, and " rove through the labyrinths of inconſtancy " till the darkneſs of old age begins to in-

" vade

" vade us, and diſeaſe and anxiety obſtruct
" our way. We then look back upon our
" lives with horror, with ſorrow, with re-
" pentance; and wiſh, but too often vainly
" wiſh, that we had not forſaken the ways
" of virtue. Happy are they, my ſon, who
" ſhall learn from thy example not to de-
" ſpair, but ſhall remember, that though the
" day is paſt, and their ſtrength is waſted,
" there yet remains one effort to be made;
" that reformation is never hopeleſs, nor
" ſincere endeavours ever unaſſiſted, that the
" wanderer may at length return after all his
" errors, and that he who implores ſtrength
" and courage from above, ſhall find danger
" and difficulty give way before him. Go
" now, my ſon, to thy repoſe, commit thy-
" ſelf to the care of omnipotence, and when
" the morning calls again to toil, begin anew
" thy journey and thy life."